



11:23



murder

mystery

detailed

154 3 7

Chapter 1 by Time Travelers

My mind was a clockwork of gears turning and spinning endlessly. The room became a chess board, me and the man the game pieces. It was necessary my next move was astute. The intentions of the shadow, this obscurity laying beside me were precarious. The smell emitting from his wounded shape was rustic, eye watering. Reaching down between the mattress and its icy frame, my fingers found the bleak steel handle. Gripping it firmly, I felt the silhouette's heated breath advancing. I pulled in a steady breath, I had put this off for too long. The events that proceeded were imminent.

Chapter 2 by Sum1OnSteam



The knife lodged between his ribs, causing a bubbling of blood near the wound as his lungs deflated. He fell to the ground, and the blood pooled near the coffee table. This is it. It's done.

Chapter 3 by Wolfie



I grab him by the leg, dragging him across the floor. A scarlet trail followed us. I'll clean it up later. For now, I must finish.

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I take the man and put him in the car. I sit in the driver's seat, looking at him from behind the sofa, you wouldn't even think anything of it. He's so still.

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I look at the knife, examine it as closely as my skills would allow me to. Skills I have honed through years of questions and pain

And that's when I notice it.

Chapter 4 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



When I walked past the watch, it changed colors. It didn't change back either. It turned a red that was so accusing, so angry at me.

It rolled backwards half an hour to the time of his murder. 23:23.

It had been a while since I had seen a 24-hour clock. So, I picked it up. 23:23. And put it on. 23:23. And then I watched as the world melted in front of me.

That man was killed. So it goes. I was not ready for what I was about to see. 23:23. I don't care what it was. 23:23. So it goes. He died and I don't want to. So it goes. 23:23.

Twenty-three, twenty-three. So it goes.

I fell. I got up. I added commas to my sentences, so that I didn't have to chop them up. That watch still read 23:23. I walked around in the void I had been plopped into. Strangely enough, I didn't care. So it goes. 23:22.

23:22? That can't be right. Wasn't the watch stuck? 23:21. 23:20.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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